

T·H·S· JOURNAL



1 9 0 6

DEDICATION.

We, the "Seniors," think it not amiss
To mention here, the ones who next at hand,
Will in our place, in "Naughty Seven," stand,
To meet with true success at early date,
Thus to the "Juniors" this we dedicate.

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MEN



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WOMEN

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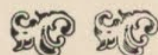
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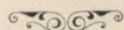
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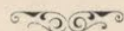
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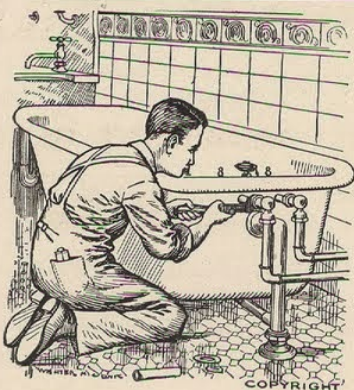
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High School Journal.

TAUNTON, MASS., JUNE 1906.

STAFF.

RUSSELL E. WAITT, - - - Editor.
GEORGE W. CAHOON, Business Manager.

We take this opportunity to thank all who have, in any way, contributed to the success of THE JOURNAL.

C. A. HACK & SON.

EDITORIAL.

TEMPUS fugit". Yes, time flies; and surely the past four years have been no exception to the rule. It seems as if it were but yesterday, when we, members of the class of '06 timidly entered the portals of the High School, at once an object of laughter and pity for the dignified member of the upper classes.

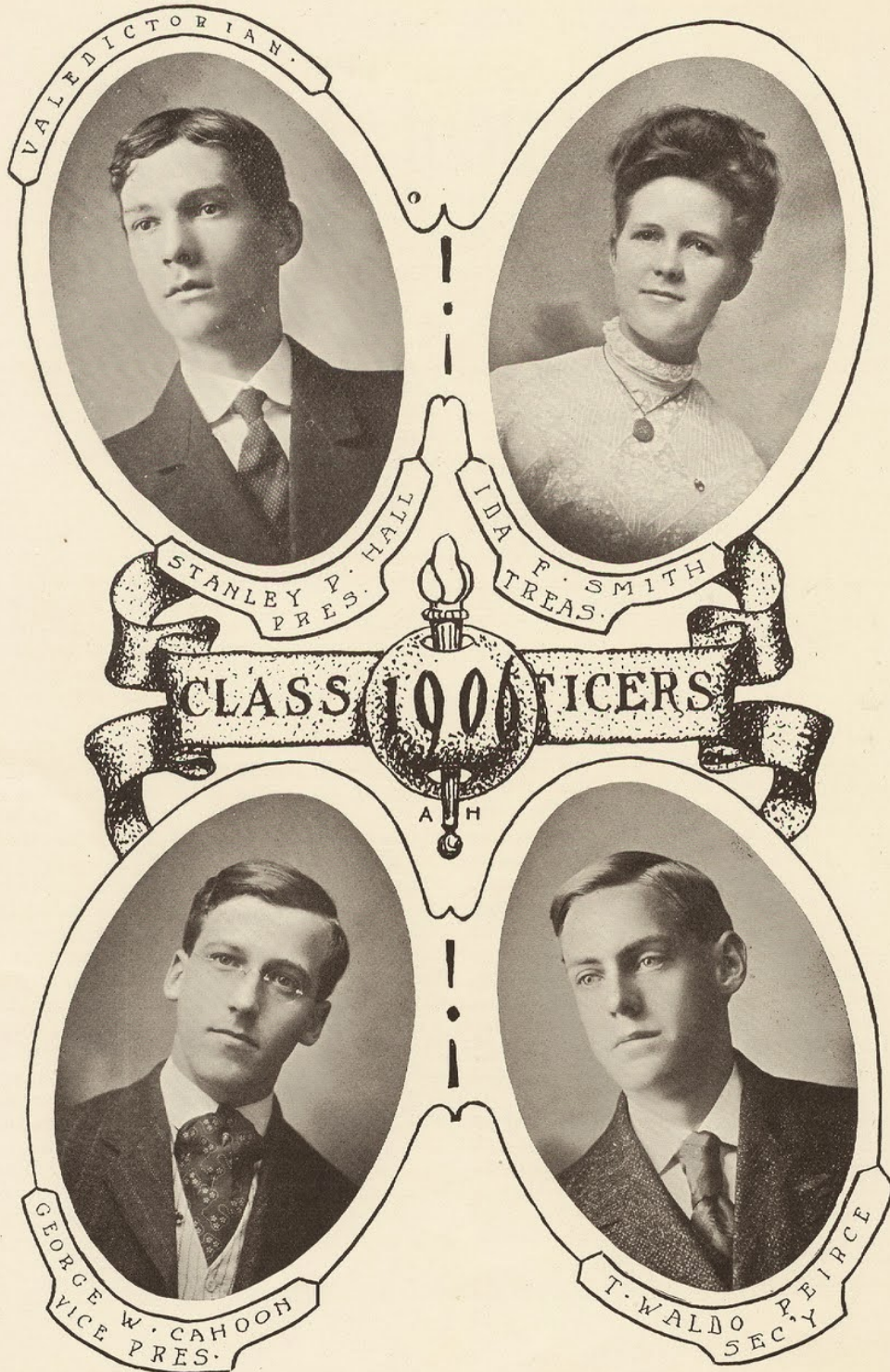
We were green" then; as "green" as "nature's carpet" on the Common. Alas, what a change! Today, as wise Seniors, and members of the graduating class, we are looking forward to that eventful day, when, for the last time, we shall bid farewell to the familiar scenes of Taunton High. And lest we should be too soon forgotten we take pleasure in publishing this record of our brief but pleasant career in the High School.

That the class of '06 has no reason to be ashamed of its record we feel sure. And on the contrary that we should be proud of it. For, although the census of the class is somewhat smaller than that of previous years, we trust that we may have left behind us sufficient evidences to prove that it is not always the quantity that counts.

Each year the question of school spirit has presented itself with increased importance. This year the ball games and cadet sociables have been fairly well supported and on the whole it has been a very successful year. The success has been due to the enthusiastic members of the school, especially of the the two upper classes. But there is always a chance for improvement.

There are still a large majority of pupils who do not display enough school spirit, even, to show that they really are members of the Taunton High School. If you say to them, "Going to the game this afternoon,"? they look at you in amazement, and reply either, "What game"? or I haven't got time." Why not go to the socials and drills? Why not go to the games and root for your school team? Why not support the "Stylus and the 'Journal instead of stretching your neck out of shape, trying to see over your neighbor's shoulder? If you do not, yours is the loss. If you do, you not only benefit yourself, but by your manifest display of school spirit and enthusiasm, you afford encouragement for those who are striving hard for the glory and honor of the school.

So we hope that in coming years there will be a steady increase in enthusiasm and patriotism, among the students of the school. For your City, your School and your Class deserve the ardent support which you alone can give them. Finally, in behalf of our honored President and Class, we extend to our teachers our heartfelt gratitude for their many kindnesses; and to the undergraduates, our best wishes, that their High School career may prove to them as pleasant and instructive as ours has to us. And we sincerely hope that when their turn comes bid farewell to "dear old Taunton High," they will enjoy a pleasant recollection of the example set for them by the class of "Naughty Six".



CLASS HISTORY.

By T. WALDO PIERCE.

THIS article by hypothesis, is a history, "History" according to a previous proposition is an account of the doings of a people." Therefore the reader will easily deduce that this is a history of "Naughty Six."

Four years ago there came a body of students, to the Taunton High School, representatives from all the Grammar Schools in the city, carrying with them small rolls of paper under their arms and wearing very happy smiles. This class, one of the largest which has ever entered the school, was destined to become the Class of 1906. Wishing to take no chances, this class began its High School life at the top and bottom of the educational ladder. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is strictly true; far, far up in the "annex" some wandered to become better acquainted with the human system as seen by the Physiologist. Others took to the basement where they were initiated into the mystery of sawing wood. Others thought they would take things in their order of happening, and they were found grinding out Latin and ancient History.

The second week of school we assembled in the hall for the purpose of organizing the class and the following class officers were elected:— President, Stanley P. Hall; Vice-President, George W. Cahoon; Treasurer, Miss Ida Smith; and Secretary Miss Ruth E. Taylor. After some discussion we chose for the class colors, Nile green and gold, and an appropriate class pin with these colors was selected.

The first year passed rather slowly. As time went on and the second term approached we began to realize the work was becoming more difficult, especially those preparing for college. On the whole, the year was a very pleasant one for most of the class, and success was enjoyed by those who had worked hard and were deserving of it.

Although a large majority of the class returned on the opening day of the second year, we were sorry to see a few had left, but we

trust they went out well prepared to meet whatever responsibilities were to come to them. This year passed somewhat quicker than the first and the sophomores realized that they must now draw the plans for the future.

The third degree was now worked and the class re-entered the school as Juniors in the fall of 1904. Again a few of the class were missed at the opening, but most however returned. This year marked the first social event of the class, the class dance, which was held at Columbian Hall and a very enjoyable time was spent by all who attended. It was also a financial success.

We are now Seniors, and for some of us our school life is over, although many of us are prepared to enter college. Owing to a vacancy among the class offices, caused by Miss Ruth Taylor's leaving school, Mr. T. Waldo Pierce was elected Secretary. We have honestly endeavored to do our share toward the welfare of the school. The cultivation of the school spirit, one element which makes for high standard in a High School, and which the recent classes have so well sustained, we now entrust to the undergraduates, whom we hope will keep its flame live and glowing.

The social event of the year, the Senior Class Entertainment, occurred on Friday evening June 1st in Odd Fellows Hall, and was a decided success in every way.

When the 22nd of June comes, and with it our last day at the school and the school's last gift to us, our diplomas, we shall step forward into a new field. It is not an easy world into which we are to be introduced, we know that and we know that a good many problems are awaiting us there.

But we know, too, we have been given a fine foundation, upon which we can build our life structure; and we will often look back upon the dear old T. H. S. and wish her, with our heartiest, deepest wish, all the success that the future can bring to her.



DAVID G. MILLER, Principal.

MODERN ATHENS.

(For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing)

THOSE were fine days (and few) when we sat front in a row—four young owls, maybe five,—and one after another solemnly rose and explained how Plato won the Marathon races, and Bacchus led the ten thousand (or more,) how Alexander rode on the Agora, or some other monster, and Sappho bathed in a tub. Then when Mr. Swinerton's blinders were down and he thought nothing doing didn't Luella—I hope she is there yet—tuck a note under our arm which we furtively read: Was it hemlock or birch beer that Socrates drank? Then taking the hint, didn't we smuggle back the reply: Meet me at Hanson's second recess.

Yes! those were fine days (and few) but that's *ancient* history now—Oh, hum:—and this was be a story of *modern* Athens which has nothing to do with the Hub of the Universe. Somehow as I stood on the Acropolis I got to thinking what fuzzy, wuzzy inaccuracies I had conceived in the class room and then, in general, how at variance is "book-learnin" from the real thing—but that's a long story.

The Acropolis is the *spot* from which to view Athens. It rises in the midst of this classic valley like the cone in the center of one of these ere plum-pudding baking tins. To the North are the Peutelic hills from which the the white marble is quarried which constitutes the gleaming glory of Greece; the colossal stadium seating sixty thousand people, the arch of Hadrian, the beautiful modern academy, the statues of Byron (who aroused world-interest in the Grecian struggle for Independence), the images on the roof of Dr. Schlieman's residence—all came from these hills. Once a year the wiley Greeks go over to Pentelicus and load up several wagons with marble chips which they scatter in obscure corners of the Parthenon. Along comes the acquisitive American tourist—picks them up—reads the prohibitory signs against pilfering—then goes back and—picks up some more. By such strategy is the Parthenon saved from complete demolition.

The Erechthum is the dearest little architectural relic of antiquity. If I were a lapidary of words I would bask in the moonlight penning a poetical mosaic to those faithful Cargan maidens who have patiently borne their too-heavy burden

these thousands of years. Lord Elgin, seduced by their beauty, abducted one of them. But she looks lonely up in the British Museum and her sisters seem so downcast at the terra cotta alien thrust among them. Then there is the temple of Nika with its statue of victory—wingless, so it would not fly off.

The Parthenon itself is a crust of columns which escaped the explosion of powder stored in this sanctuary by the Turks and ignited by bombs from the besieging Venetians in the seventeenth century. It sheltered a colossal statue of Athena in gold and ivory, but this was early plundered by the outside barbarians. This Anopolis was covered with temples, altars, statues to propitiate the imaginary persiding deities. All this array of gods and goddesses couldn't satisfy their soul-hunger—they erected an altar to the Unknown God.

From the propylea, which was the grand gateway to the Acropolis, you look across a cactus-lined roadway to the Areopogus where Paul, seizing upon this altar to the Unknown as a chance to present the claims of Christianity, preached that golden sermon commencing:—Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship Him declare I unto you.—So all Americans must clamber onto Mars' Hill and take each other's photographs.

Mars' Hill is very stony and lumpy like the top of a Mosque.

"Kind sir," said a smiling, sun-browned tourist—"kind sir," she said, holding out a camera to me, "would you be so good as to take our picture—we are all from Niagara—thirteen of us." I stammered my appreciation of the honor—they huddled together—I bent over the finder—stepped incautiously backward—tripped off my equilibrium and sat down hard, very hard, holding the camera above my head snapping into the sky.

* * * * *

Not in the slightest, I replied (though the Lord knows I carry no air cushion) just a stage fall—I'm so sorry I've spoiled the plate—shall we try another? And I'll wager a drachma that when that lost plate is developed those folks from Niagara are all trying their best *not* to "look pleasant"—thirteen of them.

Yes! Mars' Hill is rocky and lumpy like a Bactrian camel.

Greece is blessed in one thing above other Mediterranean countries—she is too proud to beg. Consequently I had a few leptre in my pocket to buy a morning paper—NEON ASTU—what's that? It was the first day of March and I made out that the paper was dated February 16. The news is stale, said I, and was on the point of running after the scamp news-boy when it occurred to me that the Greek calendar is a trifle tardy, and, besides, perhaps it didn't make any difference if the news was stale (but you needn't smile for I do believe with a good lexicon and reliable "pony" I could have guessed what the weather would be anyway. If you think you could do better here's the paper—try it yourself.

I saw a Greek funeral. The procession was

headed by a sacristan bearing a Greek cross on a pole—then followed the long-bearded priest wearing a chimney pot hat with the rim on top—after him an undertaker carrying the coffin lid upright—next, the casket borne on the shoulders with the body exposed to view—behind it the mourners, all walking, followed by empty carriages for the return. As it passed every one stopped and uncovered—a respect shown in most European countries. But in America, the mourners must watch out for their lives lest an auto crash through the cortege.

I had hoped to say something about Capricornus, the Temple of Aeolus, and the squad of Greek soldiers I mistook for a troupe of coryphees rehearsing for a comic opera. But a thousand words slip by so quickly—especially on Greece.

NOTES.

Poetry finds for itself many themes, but perhaps the strangest is that chosen by Henri Alorge, who has written a volume of poetry called the "Spirit of Geometry," singing the charms of the parallel opipedon, the asymptote and the rhomboid, and on the back of Pegasus riding the "pons asinorum." The astonishing figures of speech employed by this French poet recall "The Loves of the Triangles." To make mathematics musical and to extract sentiment from surds, is a task which only an emotional *Frenchman* would undertake.

"Was he tied or only buttoned?" (Inquire at the information bureau," Hathaway & Le-maire, '06 proprietors.)

Leave all orders for *light, feathery* sponge cake with the E. M. Potter Co. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Potter—Translating in German—"O! fool that I am." (Stage whisper at his right.)—"That's right" Shorty, "That's right."

The Class Prophecy this year is due to the kindness of our friends Alexander J. McCarte, and Gerard P. Horton.

Arthur Hutchins '06, who, during the past four years in High School, has made many cover designs for the Stylus, contributed the design for the cover of this magazine. The managements of the two papers have been extremely fortunate in being able to obtain designs drawn by local talent, and with such artistic ideas. It is understood that Hutchins will continue his study of Art, at the Boston Museum School of Art, next fall. The best wishes of the class are offered to him in his future work.

Miss Dorothy Thayer '06 has moved to Chelsea, where she will make her home.

Wanted—To know, who the parties were that put "John D. Hall" wise to the fact, that *that invitation* to the B. U. banquet was second hand. Address all communications to the S. C.—H. Burt "head schemer."

Earle—(Translating in French.)—"And then he blew out the candle with his hands."

Teacher—"What do you call the man on guard?" A—y—s—(Promptly) "Centennial." [The management advise A—y—s to join the Cadets.]

A Plea for Amateur Athletics.

By STANLEY P. HALL.

ATHLETICS in colleges and many preparatory schools have become more of a business than a recreation and a professional spirit has crept in, in spite of the many and varied rules confining the athletic teams to amateurs only. The graduates of many colleges and even the managers of athletic teams offer pecuniary inducements to promising young athletes to enter their alma mater and many an athlete goes through college on his athletic prowess, so to speak.

But it is argued, is it not right for an athlete who has not the means to pay his college expenses to accept financial aid in return for his work on the college team? No, it is not. It is indeed better for a fellow to stay away from college than to go as a paid athlete. In the first place a fellow who receives money for his athletic prowess is not an amateur. But to be eligible to play football, baseball etc., he has to declare himself an amateur and such a student who participates in athletics does so under false pretenses. Moreover, a fellow who is capable of representing himself an amateur, when he is not, is indeed much more likely to stoop to unfair tactics and foul playing and thus lower the standard of his college athletic reputation.

Besides this the case of the paid athlete is synonymous to that of the corrupt politician. The athlete goes to college for an education and if he receives pay for his athletic services he does what the college laws say he should not. The politician takes up his political position to

earn a living and if he has a chance to make a little on the side by using his influence this way or that he is breaking the law and becomes a criminal. But again comes the question, is it not better to go to college this way than not at all?

But surely if the politician could not make both ends meet by his legitimate salary he should not accept bribes but rather resign his position and take up a calling; and in the case of the athlete stay away from college.

In addition to this spirit of professionalism the sports are taken up too much in the fashion of Colleges, most professional coaches are hired and the players are kept working as much as half of every day. Thus they have to neglect their college work to some extent and the recreation and pleasure which they should have from athletics is often lost in the monotony and hard work. Indeed, recently a famous football player who intended to give up playing said that he disliked football, it was all business no recreation and it was an unpleasant business at that.

Certainly between professionalism and this systematic manner of forming and developing teams, athletics have lost much of their value as a pleasant and beneficial recreation, and fellows go into them chiefly for the honor which they may receive. This surely is not the way it should be, and the sooner college athletics are put on a strictly amateur basis, the better for all concerned.

NOTES.

"There's little of the melancholy in her"
Miss L. Wheeler

"She's a most exquisite lady"
Miss Crawshaw

"O, full of careful business are his looks"
S. Hall

"O, he's a lovely gentlemen"
Wood

"Nothing to give him but love"
Miss Cronin

"Screw your courage to the sticking place"
Graduation speakers.

"The very pattern girl of girls"
Miss Magee

"Those deep and tender eyes"
Miss Culver.



BLANCHE A. LEONARD, Salutatorian.

Popular Superstitions.

WAL' Wal" cried Aunt Patty, as she threw open the door and caught me in a voluminous embrace, "Ef I ain't glad to see yer Why I don't know when I been so tickled. An' yer looking real well, too an' here I be so flustered that I'm lettin' yer ketch yer death o' cold out there in the snow. Come in, come in, and toast yer feet while I just snake off my gingham apron and smart myself up a bit. My, but I'm pleased to see yer".

Her voice trailed into indistinctness as she trotted off, unfastening her apron as she went, and I went down the little hall into the cozy sitting room that I knew so well.

I think that little sitting room deserves a paragraph all to itself. It was a tiny room, not more than twelve feet square, with old-fashioned window-panes which made queer caricatures of the people coming up the street. On an old-fashioned what-not in one corner stood a pyramid of wax flowers carefully covered by a glass, and some wonderful sea-shells full of the roaring of the ocean. In the opposite corner was a gayly upholstered morris chair sent by a well meaning friend to Aunt Patty who regarded it with a mixture of fear and awe. The morris chair itself seemed to feel out of place and drew back into its corner with an air of disdain, like a haughty lady who finds herself in rather common company. The other chairs were of horsehair and there was a sofa whose slippery surface sent one gently but firmly to the floor.

A fire crackled cheerfully on the hearth and near by in a dim, warm nook stood a huge armchair, and a little table bearing an old-fashioned watch and a tiny vase of pansies which Aunt Patty kept growing in her window-boxes the year around. From the wall the face of Aunt Patty's husband looked down upon the little shrine with a hearty jovial smile.

After the dim mysteries of the Italian cathedrals from which I had just returned, the quiet atmosphere of the room soothed me like some simple melody played after a grand passionate oratorio.

In a few moments, Aunt Patty came bustling back, with her best cap awry, and her apron on wrong side out. She laughed with me as I showed her her mistake, but when I tried to

take off her apron, she stopped me. "No, she said hurriedly, 'Ef I was you I would'nt do thet: it ain't reely safe."

I stared at her in astonishment, and she hastened to explain. "They do say as how it's bad luck," she said hesitatingly, "Not that I'm one to take stock in sich things, bein' as I'm a member of the church and a follower of the Lord, but it's allers best to be on the safe side and there suttently ain't no harm in it".

"Aunty", said I, wheedingly "Did you ever know of a case where a superstition proves right"? and as I saw a little thoughtful pucker come into her forehead and the light of the story-teller flash into her eyes, I leaned back in my chair with a sigh of content.

"Wal", she began, "Some does think that Ed Brown went ter the bad, all bekus er going under a ladder. Yer see it wuz this way. Ed was awful sweet on Nellie Borden. He jest set his eyes by her, and its my opinion she wuz a-flirtin' with him. She was allers a flighty thing, thinking more o' dress an' vain show than o' doin' her duty bye the Lord.

Wal, that spring—wez five years ago or so—she had a new bunnit, a senseless thing it wez all covered with flowers and sech. She flourished it round till everyone in town knew that bunnit, and all the young folks wuz crazy ter hev one like it. Wal, one day she wuz a-walkin' down the street an' she come to a place where they wuz a-shinglin' the roof.

There was a ladder standin' on the side walk and Nellie wuz amarchin' under it fine as silk when whack! down came a shingle and knocked that hat clean off inter the gutter. Ed Brown, he come 'long just then and in he went under the ladder and picked up the hat. Nellie didn't fuss none, though yer could see she felt some bad about it, but it warn't a year f'm that day when Ed he took ter drinkin, and went straight ter the bad. But then that ain't sayin' she mightn't have done jest the same anyhow. Yer never can tell. Es fur me, es I said before, I don't take much belief in superstitions. There air folks now thet caves right into em, but I kin say thet I never hed no bad luck fr'm anything er the kind though I don't know but what I'd oughter tap wood."

(Continued on page 24.)

"The Last Issue."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Editor..... Gerard P. Horton
 The Printer..... Walter Phillips
 The Reporter..... Alex. J. McCarte
 The Boy..... S. Perkins Hall
 Political Editor..... Hyman Swig
 Society Editor..... Ethel Cronin
 Sporting Editor..... May Crawshaw
 Lone Subscriber..... Russell E. Waitt

Time—June 23, 1923.

Place—Taunton High School Building—
 (Room in the tower occupied by "Journal"
 force. Table littered with papers, (etc.) Skel-
 eton in corner;—general aspect of barrenness
 and desolation.

EDITOR—(calling office boy)—"Whew! I'm
 hungry. Here, run over to Cahoon's lunch cart
 and see if they have any cake such as Hogan used
 to make."

BOY—"Very well." (Exit) (Enter Reporter)

Ed.—Here, I want you to take my air motor
 and fly down to Dighton and see how Lemaire's
 petroleum well is spouting and write up a good
 spout about it, too. On your way stop at M.
 Paull's sawmill and see if he has any more Sty-
 lus's left. Then slip over to farmer Earle's and
 inquire the price of pumpkins and butterine—
 (Ed. resume writing. Clock hands move from
 9.30 to 10.) (Enter Boy very much excited.)

BOY—Hey—mis—mum, did you hear about it?
 Big—battle— over side of Ralph Hall's
 barn—Taunton Freak Brigade—wiped
 out:—Raynham's did it. General Pi—pop—
 Potter—ten miles into—Cahoon's lunch cart.

ED.—Hooray, good news. Well, Potter al-
 ways liked to run. Get his picture, that one that
 was in the Globe; make it full length if there's
 room enough. Anything else.

BOY— Oh! Sergeants Smith and Davis
 went up in Childs' balloon and haven't been seen
 since. Miss Hennessey's house knocked to
 pieces.

(Exit Boy Wiping Crumbs from his Mouth.)

Editor Ponders. Clock hands turn from 11
 to 11.15.—Editor glances up, sees skeleton and
 is struck by its expression.) "Why it looks as if
 it wanted to speak." Hello old man whose
 grandfather are you?

SKELETON.—Hyman Swig's. His ac-
 tions force me to speak even though he was
 boomed by Senator Ashley for speaker of the
 House. If there's anything you don't know just
 ask me. I will also tell you that an earthquake
 will take place to-night. Also ——— but I hear
 a dangerous man coming. Why there are two!
 I'll get back to my hook.

(Enter Wood and Briggs, with anger on their
 Faces.)

BOTH—"Hey you scribbler, what are you go-
 ing to say about that masquerade of ours."

ED.—OH! Not much, only that you enjoyed
 a pleasant tennis match and a few were present.

(B's and W's faces brighten. They lean over
 editor and whisper in his ear)—Don't forget to
 mention our grocery and ice business, will you.

(Exit) (Enter Reporter.)

ED.—Well! What luck?

R.—So much. This is the sum and substance
 of it! Misses Simmons and Paull are elected
 selectmen of Dighton. Mdme. Dunn, the greatest
 pianist this side of Jupiter, played their triumphal
 entry. Their election is undoubtedly due to
 Prof. Carr's brilliant professional campaign,
 through all the remotest corners of the town.
 (Enter Boy)—Boy—Subscriber would like to
 communicate with the editor.

Ed.—Keep him on ice till I get ready for him.
 How's he behaving?

Boy—Same as usual. Poor fellow. (Exit
 boy.)

Editor to Reporter—Anything else?

Reporter—I suppose I might as well tell you
 that the big Hathaway stock company will be in
 Taunton, June 24. They have all the former
 stars. Hathaway himself is violinist and vocal-
 ist and presents "When We Were Naughty Six"
 Josephine Logan is pianist. Mlles. Deane,
 Kaupp, Gough, Regan and Martin will present
 on the same night Monsieur Elwood Smith's
 greatest success, "Laugh and Grow Fat."

Ed.—That's all?

R. —Yes.

Ed.—Go to Raynham and ask Elizabeth Cul-
 ver (only that isn't her name now,) to write on
 "The Life of a postmistress;" and ask her dear
 friend, Miss Cook to write a poem about "Ping
 Pong le Pierce." Poor fellow he was a mission-
 ary and was eaten by the cannibals.

(Exit *Reporter*—enter *Printer*, panting)—Come out of it—Fire!—Smoke!—Water!

Ed.—Where?

Printer—Cigarette smoking in lower hall. (Puts on fireman's helmet and tin badge and rushes out—great excitement.)

(Enter Sporting Editor in great excitement)—Hip—Whoop for Poole,—knocked out Jimmy Briggs in third round—We've got New York in the big game, Leach's pitching did it.

(*Ed.*—to boy)—Send up the printer.

Sp. Ed.—And—er—Hutchins is painting the town red. Ollie Stuart eloped with a farmer named Gardiner and Ida Smith with a hardware dealer.

(Enter Boy.)—Dr. O'Brien wishes to speak to the editor. She has a wonderful hair grower and curler, which she would with pleasure apply to the editor's bald spot.

Ed.—Tell her I'm busy. Its brains I want, not hair.

Boy—Aye, aye, sir. (Exit.)

(Enter *Printer*) *Ed.*—(angrily)—Here, look at these proof sheets? You've got Miss Sturgis' Boys School in with Mlle. Dexter's hair grower. Look! This is the way it reads. "Miss Sturgis' Boy grower. Excellent hair situation. Located on high feet, three miles above head level." Here you've got Mlle. Owen's obesity ad. mixed with Miss Salthouse's want ad. Here it is:—Wanted—A fat woman, preferably a young man to work on an obesity farm. You should have Grant an organ grinder and Miss Magee a peanut vender, but you got the former a peanut grinder and the latter an organ vender.

Pr.—Well, that's all right, it will do for the editorial. It'll be all right there. (Exit *Printer*.) (Editor presses bell. Enter Boy.)

Ed.—Move in the Lone Subscriber I want to talk over old times with him. (Exit Boy.)

Ed.—Hello, old man. How are you?

L. S.—Great. Haven't felt better since I used to edit the Journal.

Ed.—Come, old fellow and sit on my knee while we talk over old times, while the staff is busy. Remember when we used to go to High School together, things have changed since then. Fred Paull's a deacon of a Methodist church down in Myricks. Yes, and Laura Wheeler is a minister's wife; the other Wheeler girl's gone insane over the subject of horses. Blanche Leonard is dean of Brown. Miss Coops flew the coop with an organ grinder and Miss Cronin with a soldier boy. Misses Cushman, Crane, Ben Davis and Ralph Hall; and Miss Cordner have organized a Sewing Circle.

L. S.—How about May Crawshaw?

Ed.—May, why, we haven't heard a thing about May. She went out West you know, to civilize the Filipinos.

L. S.—Well, I suppose I must be going; it's getting dark. Don't you remember how dark it was the day we got out the Journal. (Exit.)

(Exit *L. S.*)—Editor leans his head on his desk. The hands of the clock turn slowly around. Darkness fills the room but the editor doesn't move.

A movement in the corner and the skeleton slowly advances toward the editor with a hard smile on his face. He lays his bony hand on the editor's arm and whispers softly in his ear. The editor rises and skeleton and editor, arm in arm, float off, out the open window, across the rooftops and out of sight.

(Clipping from the *Stylus of June*)

24, 1923.

"During the earthquake of last night the High School building was destroyed. All property of the Journal, including the editor was lost. The stockholders have voted to disorganize."



NOTES.

Our special correspondent wires us that the Boston Americans, with *great difficulty* and after much parley have succeeded in securing our crack third baseman of the '06 team. He will sign as third baseman for the B. A. next season. Hurrah! for "Pelik."

You should read the "Call of the Fields," written by "Jerry" the class poet. It is a touching ballad of farm life illustrated with beautiful half-tones" from "Jerry's own farm. Only 23 cents a copy. Marked down from 25 cents.

The Educational Institutions of Taunton.

THE early settlers of our city of Taunton, as many of the other cities of Massachusetts, gave their first thoughts to the consideration of the moral and educational welfare of their children. The meeting house and school building usually stood side by side, sometimes one building served as both.

In the earliest days, the minister and schoolmaster were one and the same person. From the earliest records of 1840, which remain to us, we find that a man by the name of John Bishop was the first Taunton schoolmaster. Then as now the schoolmaster was a person of considerable consequence. Who filled the office after Mr. Bishop is not exactly known.

A certain Master James Green, a man of high qualities, is recorded as ranking among the first masters and was paid as a public benefactor, at the expense of the community. However, the burden of maintaining a schoolmaster as well as a minister rested heavily upon the little colony. So again the offices were held by Rev. Samuel Danforth in 1697. Not long after this the town was complained of and called upon, by the general court, to answer to the charge of neglect of maintaining its school. Notwithstanding this a letter written by Mr. Danforth proves that he had fulfilled his duty.

In 1467 laws had been passed saying that every township, which had grown to include fifty families, should appoint some person to instruct all children whose parents desired it and by this same law the support of public schools was made compulsory, and education free.

Later, when Taunton had increased in population, orders came that every town, which contained, one hundred households, should set up a Grammar School and then again a Latin School and employ a master with ability to prepare youth for college. Grammar Schools continued to spring up. Most of the pupils began and ended their education in the same school. For all the studies considered necessary for a common education were all taught in each separate elementary school. But, if any fortunate youth had the opportunity to aspire to a higher education there was need of higher instruction,

which these district schools did not afford. A wide reach lay between the work of the Grammar School and that of the University. This gave rise to Academies, and it was for this very reason that our Bristol Academy was incorporated.

The institution was organized through the association of some of Taunton's most prominent citizens. The Taunton School Society, as they called themselves, was formed to establish "a permanent foundation for the instruction of the rising generation." Although the society was generous in its contributions there was not sufficient money for carrying out their plans. So they petitioned the general court for incorporation and aid. The act of incorporation was granted 1792. A committee for choosing a suitable piece of land was assembled at the house of Capt. Josiah Crocker. Each member tried to the best of his ability to raise the required sum, but subscriptions came slowly.

Finally it was voted that the Academy should be built on a piece of land, owned by Mrs. Crocker, situated on the opposite side of the street from the lot where the Unitarian Church now stands. Then the society chose as the first preceptor, or president as he was called by the pupils, a gentleman by the name of Simeon Doggett, Jr., a graduate of Brown's University, and Miss Sally Cady as preceptress.

According to the circulars, which were distributed for the sake of trying to increase the number of attendance, we learn that the aims of the Academy were similar to those of the public schools. Many other interesting facts may be found among the first minutes of the Bristol Academy.

One code, which sounds rather queer in these times, gives directions in detail as to the duties of the instructor, the course of life to be taken up and the manners of the students both in school and out. We see from the following extract that the golden rule of "Love one another" is especially emphasized.

"Everyone is strictly forbidden to insult a fellow student in word, look or gesture. All students are to treat each other with civility and handsome manners and to be good-natured, tender and kind towards each other

and to live together like brothers and like sisters in peace, friendship and love."

So under this code of laws and the wise supervision of its various preceptors the Academy prospered. The increase of students was so great that the old wooden building could not meet the required accommodations.

Later through subscriptions and the use of the funds of the institution which had increased to \$4,000 the present brick building was erected. In 1852, the old Academy was abandoned and carried to its present position just beyond the St. Mary's Church where it has been changed into a common tenement house.

A few years before the New Academy building was constructed there had been over one hundred pupils. Now the earnest upholders of the institution witnessed a decrease in attendance, so that in five years the students numbered less than fifty. But, as the population increased the average attendance of the Academy grew steadily.

The cause of this decline was due to the increase of private schools and the fact that the free High School had been made a part of the public school system.

The first Taunton High School was opened September 3, 1838 at the Worcester St. school house in the district which is known to us as Oakland. Of the nineteen pupils who assembled that morning with their teacher Mr. Frederick Crafts, three are still living.

The school remained at Oakland for one term of three months. Then with an increase of from fifty to sixty pupils, it was moved to the Westminster St. schoolhouse situated on what is now the present High St. This building was a two story brick structure having one room down stairs for the boys and one up for the girls. Again the High School changed its position. This time to East Taunton in what is called the Squaw Betty Schoolhouse still standing near the Corr Mill.

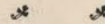
During the last quarter of the school year our rambling High School was set up in a hall just over the Weir Bridge. In the following September we find that it had come back to the place from which it started and again it went the same round as in the preceeding year until it was discontinued in 1840.

Finally after much quarreling, the High School was reestablished in the old Spring

St. Meeting house, which stood on the land now owned by Mr. Brabrook.

At a town meeting, held in June 1849, \$1500 was appropriated for a High School and it was also voted to locate it for six months within a half a mile of the Green. At last, Taunton possessed a High School "that had come to stay". This time it was moved into the Town Hall. Here in the upper story, which was divided into three rooms, the school flourished until 1884 when our own Taunton High School was completed.

E. A. S. '06.



"The last link is broken
That bound me to thee."

The Graduate

"I am he that is so love-shaken: I pray
you, tell me your remedy."

McCarte

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth"

Horton

"Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her"

Miss Logan

"I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days."

F. Paull

"God match me with a good dancer!"

Potter

"Put off your maiden blushes."

Miss Dean

"A man is he of honesty and trust."

Phillips

"He hath songs for man or woman."

Grant



1st Lieut.,
Alexander J. McCarte, '06.

Captain,
Erford M. Potter, '06.

Adjutant,
Russell E. Waitt, '06.

CADETS.

TWENTY years ago the Taunton High School Cadets were first organized and during the intervening time they have held among the neighboring cadet companies the highest standard as a military company both in efficiency in drilling and in manhood—a position of honor which established in the early history of the company has not been disputed since 1895.

Today we may truthfully say that the standard of the cadets has not been lowered and that they still retain their high position of excellency among the other companies.

This year as usual we began by the election of officers; and contrary to custom both captain and first lieutenant were elected unanimously, as they were the only ones running for the positions.

Next followed a busy period spent in obtaining recruits and although all worked industriously and a large number of recruits were obtained it was finally decided that it would be better to have a large company than a skeleton battalion. It seems a deplorable fact that among all the students who attend the High School there are not more who join the cadets. If these could know the benefits derived from military training and also the pleasant times which the cadets enjoy both at the dances and drills and also at camp there would be many more who would join and thus fill our ranks.

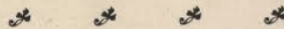
The social events of the cadets this year have been unusually successful both socially and financially. The second social which we held on Thanksgiving evening, meeting with the greatest financial success of any social held, as more than eighty dollars were cleared.

The December Drill was not such a great success but the boys made a fine showing in drilling which showed the hard work which had been put in since the first of the year, both by them and also Major Danforth. Socials were held every month and one guard mounting social in which the cadets went through the impressive ceremony of the mounting of the guard. In April we held the Senior Prize Drill and Ball which was the Drill of the year and which was a great success. Our last Drill for the year was the Junior Drill which although not such a large one, was still successful. The cadets now have money enough on hand to take them to camp for a week. This year they will go as formerly with the other companies, and thus form a battalion at camp.

If one should question why the cadets are so efficient in drilling, one could reply with truth that it is not only due to their efforts, but to those of Major Danforth our military instructor. For it is he who has kept the standard of the cadets so high by his efforts and labor for he is a soldier in the true sense of the word and knows and does his duty. In conclusion let me say that it remains to those who stay in the cadets to do their best and to uphold the honor of the cadets as it has been upheld in past years. And may the cadets meet in the future with the prosperity which they have had in past years and may each succeeding year see cadets who will earnestly strive to retain the high standard set before them.

Erford Merton Potter

Capt. '06.



Alexanderia Jeffries McCarte, will soon depart for Europe, where he will take the position as model for Gibson in his new painting called "The Lost Rose".

There is a brilliant future open for "Alex", and we all wish him great success.

Miss Rachel Walker '05 will go to New York in September to enter Madame Kraus-Boelke's Kindergarten School.

John Field '05 has accepted a position at the Gazette Office.

AN OFF DAY IN SCHOOL.

Read by Miss Adelaide Lovell before the Taunton Teacher's Club at the May meeting.

There are days, and days, in a teacher's life,
Many are pleasant, some full of strife.
Life cannot be always "one grand sweet song,"
When from start to finish things go wrong.

Is the atmosphere too dense, or too thin?
You have an impression, as pupils come in,
That something is wrong, but can never tell
Just what is the matter. Things don't go well.

There's a restless spirit pervades the air,
A rustle, a movement everywhere;
Thoughts go a-wandering, and you're perplexed
For you can't imagine what's coming next.

Perhaps you think they are studying well,
But—the recitation time will tell.
You take up the subjects, each in its place,
And find of good thinking, there's not one trace.

Well, I have been asked to tell, as I may,
Some results of the work when comes such a day;
In the plainest of prose I will speak this time,
For some things don't lend themselves to rhyme.

We will begin the day with music. Please im-
agine a musical drill, and the teacher asking these
questions.

Teacher—Give name, abbreviation and mean-
ing of a musical term indicating the power of
music.

Pupil—p stands for soft and means pious.

T.—Tell some benefit to be derived from the
study of music.

P.—It is a delightful occupation in idleness.

T.—How is time in music indicated?

P.—By the time expressed and by beating
with a stick.

We have had enough of music, so after due
preparation, we will have a written test in geog-
raphy.

Ques.—Locate Hamburg and tell for what it
is noted.

Ans.—Hamburg is in western Russia. It is
noted for its *meets* and frankforts.

Ques.—Compare Germany and Russia.

Ans.—Germany is gained because it is in the
central part of Europe and all the countries are
helping her out.

Ques.—What part of the world's catch of fish
is produced by the United States?

Ans.—We fish four-fifths of the fish fished.

As a change from written work we will take a
class in numbers.

These answers have come from the lower
grades.

The teacher is giving special instruction to an
apparently alert, attentive boy.

"Addition and multiplication make things
larger, subtraction and division make them
smaller." The illustrations were well received
and to all appearances understood.

"Now, what is it makes things smaller, Sam?"
Like a flash came the answer—"Cheatin' "

T.—If you can buy 4 apples for 2 cents, how
many apples can you buy for 1 cent?

P.—A cent's worth.

T.—Which would you rather have a ten cent
piece, or ten pennies?

P.—"I would rather have ten pennies."

"Why?" "If I had ten pennies and lost one I
would have some left; but if I had only a ten cent
piece and lost one I wouldn't have any."

Teaching a younger class about pints, quarts
and gallons, the teacher filled the gallon measure
with water. "If I pour out 2 quarts what part
will be left?" "The bottom part," was the an-
swer.

The children usually enjoy anything in the line
of nature work. Sometimes, however, they get
astray even in their observation of the most
common things.

The teacher asked if any new birds had been
seen. Great enthusiasm on the part of one small
girl gave occasion for the following:

"I saw a black bird yesterday—and it had a
red head and blue wings."

After reading about fog, cloud, mist, steam, etc., the children were asked to name three forms of water. One boy said: "Three forms of water are ice water, muddy water, and holy water."

History also claims its victims.

In a test we find "That Daniel Boone was captured by the Indians, who wanted to keep him; so they pulled out all his hair but one hair, and put feathers in it to make him look pretty."

In the same connection we are told that in 1776 Daniel shot a *bare*.

Asked to describe the government of Spain and Portugal, a pupil wrote: "After the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, Portugal was separated from Spain by means of deep canyons."

Rome adapted Christianity in 410 A. D.

Abraham Lincoln was President of the U. S. and fried the slaves

In literature much pains is taken to inculcate love for the beautiful.

As a good example of beautiful lines we have—"Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden."

But, what of this! "*Brace up oh Gabreal.*" "Father Fellician told Evangeline that love was never *waisted*."

"Oh Gaberial where doth's thou roam?"

Asked to select lines that appealed to them one pupil said: "The lines I like best is where the people tells her to give up her search she says, 'where my hand is gone my heart shall follow.'"

Another selected: "The farmer sat beside the fire and smoked his pipe and Xmas carols and other French songs."

"Gabriel had just left his father's house the next day to go trapping walrus and other animals. They heard the cattle mewing and saw the village in flames."

Asked for a quotation from Julius Caesar, the pupil gave:

"I live, I die, I conquer."

Disheartened but not discouraged the teacher starts a language test. This affords a fertile field for flights of fancy.

A business letter was supposed to contain money for "one year's description to Harper's" also to "one year's suppression."

Write the word "acqueduct" in a sentence.

"The boy had an acqueduct average."

"Affectation."

"Affectation is a sprout that should be nipped in the bud."

Asked to write a sentence containing the word "effigy," these were found.

"The man's effigy was written on his tombstone."

"The girl put a great deal of effigy into her lessons and knew them well."

In a biographical composition there is a description of Haydn.

"Haydn, the musician, was very homely in appearance; but he had one good feature, his forehead, which he always kept covered. He always wore a *whig*."

Haydn's wig seems to have made a great impression on the youthful mind, for another one writes—"When in conversation with anybody his face would light up with smiles; otherwise he had a serious but kind one, and he always wore a *whig*."

But the spelling class carries off the palm in the way of brilliant misstatements. The words are to be spelled, and put into sentences, or defined.

Concord—"Large purple grapes."

Bivouac—"Gourd! where is the bivouac?"

Cypress—"The lady was cypress."

Data—"The data for the tickets was Saturday."

Codicil—"His codicil was torn away."

Centennial—"I will celebrate the centennial of your marriage to-morrow."

Compete—"Sages of old dare not compete with modern authors."

"If Secretary of War, William H. Taft, who is very corpulent, would not eat so much condiment he might compete for a prize on the race track."

Only a short period left, we have planned for a few declamations. The class has been drilled on Emerson's poem of "The Mountain and the Squirrel."

Any words liable to be misunderstood were defined, and the poem talked over very carefully. Now, we are ready for individual declamation. The poem begins as you will remember:"

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
The former called the latter
Little Prig."—etc.

Tom, long-legged, rosy-cheeked, and with full confidence in his knowledge of the poem, begins:

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
The *farmer* called the *platter*
Little *Pig*."

And Tom wondered why the children smiled, and why he was asked to be seated.

Now, a small girl volunteers to speak a piece learned at home.

"Whoa! Whoa! my 'balky' steed' you'll trip me 'oder' you will indeed.

The teacher after collecting herself recognized a balky steed in this misleading line.

A small boy raises his hand. "What is it, John?"

"Please may I speak my piece?"

"What is it about?" "About an elephant."

Permission is granted and this charming classic is declaimed with great unction.

"I asked my mother for fifty cents,
To see the elephant jump the fence,
He jumped so high, he touched the sky,
And never came down till Fourth of July."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the declamation period ended abruptly.

On such a day there is only one thing more needed to fill the cup of woe to the very brim, and that is a visitor. However, such a thing is too dreadful to contemplate. Let us dismiss the school.

Now, the last word's said and the day is spent, The children leave on their play intent. The teacher alone in the quiet room, No doubt has a feeling of downright gloom. But, if she be wise as we think she ought She'll not fret about what she should have taught, She'll laugh at the blunders of the day, And with her laughter drive care away.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

(Concluded.)

"But there, she continued, "What's the use er talkin' so long 'bout superstitions when neither you ner I believe a word on 'em. Here I ain't givin' you er chanst ter say nuthin! Tell me what yer goin' ter do, now yer got home. I allers wuz interested in young people".

"I'm going to the city, to-morrow, Aunty," I answered, She leaned forward and looked out of the window, then she shook her head.

"I dunno ", she said, "It points to rain".

"Why there's a lovely 'sunset", I cried incredulously, she looked doubtful. "Wal, mebbe", she assented," But I seen a load er ladders goin' by here ter-day, an thet's a sure sign o' rain. Temorrer's Friday, too, I'd wait till next day if I wuz you".

I assured her that I would not go unless it were pleasant, and we talked long about the

journey I had lately taken, and my plans for the future. Dear Aunt Patty was all interest but once or twice I thought I detected a little uneasiness in her manner. When I rose to go she followed me to the door and said anxiously, "Yer won't dwell on what yer heard this afternoon will yer, dear?"

Superstitions is dretful onhealthy, an' I should hate ter be the one ter give yer a leanin' towards 'em. Yer mustn't believe a mite of 'em, fer they's all es foolish es the Rock o' Dunder"

I kissed her and promised that I would forget all about them, and as I went down the street she stood at the window and waved Good-bye to me. A moment later I heard the window open and Aunt Patty called softly, "There's the new moon, child; be sure and look at it over yer right shoulder".

THE POSTMAN.

YES," admitted Mr. McGregor, thoughtfully, as he crammed the tobacco deeper into his pipe, a postman does have a pretty good chance to study human nature. He sees lots of little things on his rounds and, let me tell you, he has a pretty clear idea of the people who live in the houses at which he stops. I saw one little affair a few years ago that interested me mightily. Ever tell you about it? No? Well!

"Two years ago my route was changed, and I was given one of the best routes in town, Talbot street, and 'round there, you know. Well, the very first day, I noticed particularly one of the letters in my pack. As a rule, a postman don't have much time to examine the different letters, but the handwriting on this attracted my attention. It was black and bold, and there was a kind of dash to it. Made you feel as if the wind was blowing when you looked at it. I knew it was a man's handwriting all right, and I saw that the postmark was Denver. It was addressed to Miss Brown, 42 Talbot street, and though I knew it was foolish of me to take so much interest in that one letter, I was quite anxious to see Miss Brown. At 42 Talbot street, however, I saw no one but the maid, and my interest began to cool.

The next morning there was no letter for 42 Talbot, and I was passing the house without a thought of Miss Brown when suddenly the door opened, and a little girl came running down the walk. That was my first impression, but when she came up to me, I saw that she was a young woman and I realized that this must be Miss Brown. She was a tiny little thing, hardly up to my shoulder, with curly, rumpled brown hair, and big childlike eyes. She was out of breath and panted a little as she thrust a letter into my hand. "I want it to go in the next mail," she said, "and I was so afraid I couldn't catch you!"

The minute I was out of her sight, I looked at the letter. It was addressed to Mr. Philip R. Hughes, Denver, Colorado, and it wasn't hard to guess that it was an answer to the one of the day before.

The next day there was nothing doing. But the day after that came another letter in the peculiar handwriting I had noticed. Miss Brown herself came to the door this time, and as she took the letter, a little flush came into her cheeks and

her eyes sparkled, and—well—I'd like to see a pretty girl look that way over a letter of mine.

So it went on. Twice a week, regularly, his letters came, and just as regularly her answers went back. Thick, bulky letters they were, too; I used to wonder what they found to write about so often. Why sometimes his letters took four-cent stamps, though hers never went over an ounce. All summer they kept on writing and I kept getting more and more interested.

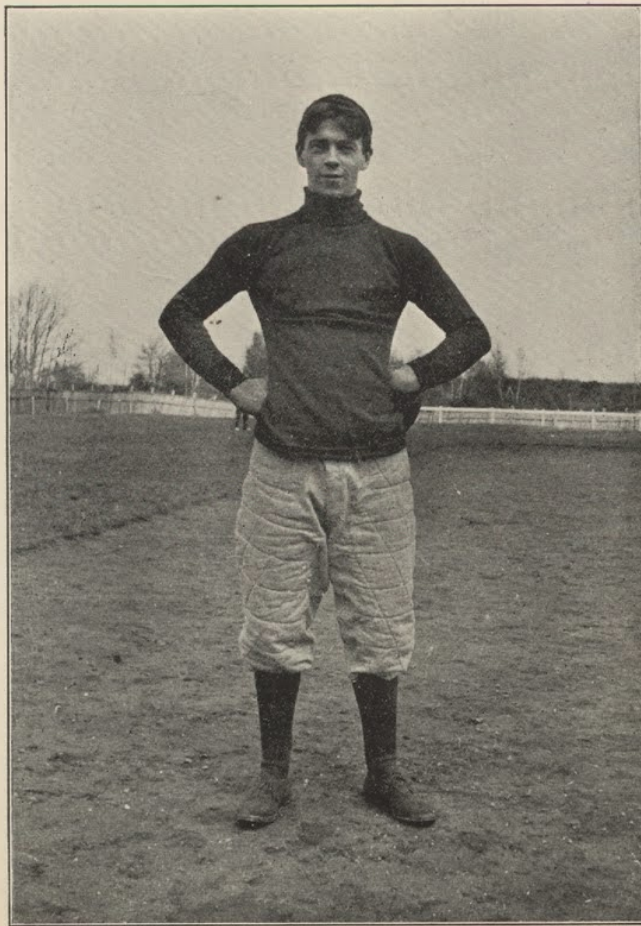
It was about the middle of September that the letters stopped coming. It was queer the way they stopped, all of a sudden, and I was a good deal worried about it. Tuesdays and Fridays they had been coming, but this Tuesday there wasn't any. I hunted through the pack twice for that letter, and I sneaked past Miss Brown's house with an unaccountable feeling of guilt. I didn't see anything of her, then, but on my afternoon trip, she met me at the gate with a little troubled look on her face, and asked anxiously, "Haven't I any mail today?" The trouble deepened as I told her "No," but she turned away without a word and walked back toward the house. For three days she met me with the same pitiful little question, then she wrote a letter herself. I had hopes that this would do some good, but no answer came, though she never gave up looking for it. I began to wish I could have that fellow to myself for about five minutes.

When two weeks had gone by, something happened. A Denver paper came addressed to Miss Brown, in a strange hand and on the outside sheet, where I couldn't help seeing it, was the notice of Philip Hughes's death, all marked around in pencil. I'm not ashamed to say that I laid that paper down and ran. I couldn't bear to see her take it.

I don't know just what happened next. I didn't see anything of Miss Brown, though I carried letters of condolence there every day. One morning there was a doctor's buggy in front of the door.

It was just pure luck that I should see the thing through. If I had been a little later, or a little earlier, I should be feeling blue over that affair to this day, but just out of pure luck I was right in front of Brown's door one morning when a cab drove up to the sidewalk and a young sprang out and dashed up the walk

(Continued on page 32.)



G. MORTON LEACH, '06.

Crack Pitcher.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic association is now nearing the close of the fourth and most successful year of its existence. It has assumed entire control of the athletics of the school and has placed the financial affairs on a firm basis. The association is certainly worthy the support of the students and we hope that next year it will continue in its prosperity. The officers for the present year are President, James Briggs; vice president, Alex. McCarte; secretary, Sam McCarte; Treasurer, Stanley Hall.



FOOT BALL.

The football team of 1905 goes on record as being the strongest and most successful eleven that ever represented the school. It easily won the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts and no doubt compared favorably with the strongest high school teams in the state. In schedule of fourteen games, ten were won, two lost and two tied. This was a most remarkable record considering that the team played some of the strongest elevens in this section.

The games were all interesting. The most glorious victories were the two games with Fall River and the crushing defeat of Brockton. By its victory over Brockton Taunton has but to win from her next year in order to make the Keith cup a permanent possession of the school.

The only defeat received from a high school team was Taunton's second game—that with Pawtucket. Pawtucket was clearly outplayed in every department of the game and won only on a fluke toward the close of the contest. It is noteworthy that no team succeeded in crossing Taunton's goal line more than once, while the majority did not cross it at all, Taunton on the other hand scored in all but three games and in four contests succeeded in scoring at least seven times. Following are the scores:

Taunton, 5	Attleboro,	0
" 0	Pawtucket,	5
Taunton 56	Bridgewater	0
" 55	Whitman	0
" 39	New Bedford	0
" 17	Middleboro	0
" 0	East Greenwich Academy	0
" 6	Fall River	0
" 0	Tech '09	6
" 11	Fall River	5
" 18	New Bedford	0
" 6	Boston University, '09	6
" 47	Brockton	0
" 12	Alumni	5
<hr/>		<hr/>
Total 270		27

Touchdowns, Taunton, 48; Opponents, 5.

BASKET BALL.

This year's basket ball team compares favorably with those of past years. The schedule was a long and hard one. Taunton won ten out of the twenty games played. The majority of teams which defeated Taunton won only by small margins, while most of the local team's victories were decisive ones.

The team scored a total of 452 points against its opponents 360. Poole was the mainstay of the team; he alone threw 104 baskets. Following are the total number of baskets thrown by the individual players during the season:— Poole, 104; McCarte, 36; Bliss, 28; Watters, 18; Briggs, 17; Huber, 7; Pierce, 4; Bassett, 1; S. McCarte, 1.

(Continued on page 29.)



HUBER
 MC CARTE
 WATERS
 BRIGGS
 POOLE (CAPT.)
 BLISS
 T. H. S. BASKET BALL TEAM, 1906.

ATHLETICS (Concluded).

FIELD DAY.

The fifth annual field day was held Saturday, May 19. The weather was fine and the attendance excellent. Five grammar school events were added to the program, making a total of nineteen. The events were closely contested and proved very interesting. First prize, the Colby cup, was won by Bassett, '07, with a total of sixteen points. Potter '06 and Huber won the medals with totals of eleven and ten points respectively. The Seniors easily won the class cup with a total of fifty-three points, while their nearest opponents, the Juniors, had thirty-six.

The Grammar School events proved interesting and resulted in a victory for the Weir Grammar. The first medal for individual points was won by Tripp and second by Mansfield. The afternoon closed with a ball game in which Taunton won from Pawtucket by a score of 6-4.

BASE BALL.

The base ball nine started out this year with excellent material, seven players remaining from last year's team. The results at first were rather discouraging, but the coach's work soon made itself evident and the nine bids fair to end its season with a long string of victories.

The athletic record this year is without doubt the best in the history of the school. Let us resolve next year to give our hearty support to our athletic teams and endeavor to better the record of the present year.

Taunton 4, Middleboro 2.

On June 6th, T. H. S. played a ten inning game with Middleboro High, at the close of the ninth inning the score was 2-2. The tenth inning was then begun and after Taunton had scored two runs with a possibility of more, the Middleboro team seeing their chances for a victory gone left the field. The game was then awarded to Taunton. Leach was in the box for Taunton and Gammons for Middleboro. Both pitched excellently, but Leach received better support. Taunton threw away many chances of scoring by poor base-running which

has been the nine's weak point thus far this season.

Score											Total
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Taunton	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	4
Middleboro	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2

Taunton 2, New Bedford 1.

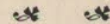
Taunton won her fifth consecutive victory June 8th, by defeating New Bedford in a twelve inning game. The contest was the best thus far this season and furnished intense excitement for the spectators. Gillon pitched a fine game and was excellently supported by his teammates.

Score													Total
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
New Bedford	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Taunton	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2

T. H. S., 11, B. H. S., 5.

Even Brockton failed to stop Taunton's onward progress and on June 19th, the shoe-city boys met their second defeat by T. H. S. Long, the Brockton pitcher, weakened after the fifth inning and was hit unmercifully by the Tauntons. The feature of the game was the batting of Gillon.

Score											Total
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Taunton	0	0	2	3	0	3	0	1	2		11
Brockton	0	1	0	0	3	2	0	0	0		5



Pelik Durfee Wood, A. B. has opened his office at the 23 Hook Ave. preparatory to tutoring students in advanced German. Reduced rates a specialty.

Orman E. Bassett, '04, through Congressman Lovering, has secured an appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy. We wish him success in his new work.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

ON one of my motoring trips last fall through the country, night overtook me thirty miles from home with a punctured tire. Resolving not to return that night I secured a "put up" at a nearby farmhouse. After supper I sat talking with my host in front of the open fire, for the evening was chilly. He was a powerfully built man, tall and broad shouldered and his eyes, they were gray I think, had a way of looking right through a person. Across his forehead there was a white irregular line from his nose to the roots of his hair, apparently an old scar. Looking up quickly he caught me looking at it. "Wondering how I got that?" he asked as if anticipating my question. "It was in my old railroad days." Upon further questioning he finally told me the story.

"Well, it happened" he said, when I was firing for Jack Wainright on the L. & S. road. We were running the night freight from Wind river to Hadley, 46 miles north, and back again, starting at 7.30 P. M. and getting back just before the morning passenger trains came through. At Colton nine miles out we side-tracked to let the express from the north pass us.

That night we had a light train making the run up to Colton in short time and consequently having to wait twenty minutes on the siding for the express. Jack and the rest of the crew had gone up to the telegraph office to talk with the operator. When the express came Jack intended to climb aboard and see his sister who was coming out on that train to visit him in Wind River.

I was oiling round the engine when I heard a rumble and glanced up just in time to see a lone engine rush by Wind River. The cab was dark. As she disappeared I saw a yellow 861 on her tender. It was Daniels' engine that pulled the the express south from Wind River. Jack and the others of the crew rushed out of the office and we all stood looking after; none of us knew what 861 was doing at that time in the path of the express. At that moment the operator rushed out waving a telegram which he gave to Jack. I saw Jack turn pale as he read it. He stood for a moment as if dazed while the others crowded round, then sprang past me and uncoupled our

engine. "Open the switch and let her out on to the main line Joe, we've got to catch her," he shouted as he sprang into the cab. I ran to the switch, opened it, let old 711 out on the main line, closed it again and caught the tail end of the tender as she swung out in pursuit of the other engine. "What's the matter?" I asked Jack when I reached the cab.

"She ran out of the yard and up the line to Wind River," he replied. "The fool operator just sent the message."

"So you think we can catch her before she hits the express," I asked.

"We've got to," was all Jack said. But what if we shouldn't, flashed through my mind and Jack's sister was on the express, too! She had left Newton twenty-three miles away and there was no operator between there and Colton.

I bent to my firing, our engine 74 was only a freight mogul and 861 was one of the new passenger express engines. We must have more steam to catch her. The gauge pointer stood at 160 pounds. I broke up the crust with the bar, and shoveled in coal closing the door after each shovelful to keep the cold air away from the flues. The gauge went up two, wavered, went up one more and stopped.

He heard the hiss of steam and shouted almost savagely: "You keep coal in her I'll do the pumping!"

I shut it off again and sprinkled on more coal. The gauge stood now at 167 and was slowly rising. The tender of 861 could be seen then about a mile away, showing black in contrast with the white on either side where her headlights lighted up the sides of the track.

I could see too, we were swiftly gaining, showing that her steam was getting low. I shoveled in more coal, waited, raked the fire and shut off the blower. The gauge had gone up to 169; in a minute the "pop" would blow off. As we rushed through Hadley eight miles out of Colton she was only a hundred yards ahead. I knew what was coming.

As we approached still nearer I opened my front window and crawled out on the running board. The rush of air nearly made me loose my grip on the hand rail. The lurching was

terrific. I steadied myself and worked my way carefully down to the pilot. It shook and swayed under me like a living thing. The other engine was only a few yards ahead; I braced myself and waited.

We crept slowly up to within a few feet. Just as I was about to spring and catch the tender we struck the curve near Franklin. The shock threw me forward. Visions of being crushed under the engine flashed through my mind. My eyes were riveted on the slowly narrowing space between the engines. Instinctively I threw up my hands as I fell. Just as I had given up hope my hands caught the upper rim of the tender ahead and hung at arms length between life and death. Putting my feet on the brake beam I managed to climb on to the coupler and on the tender. Rushing into the cab I saw the headlight of the express round the curve not half a mile away. I jammed the throttle shut and swung the brake handles over to emergency application, when to my astonishment the throttle refused to latch. Desperately I held it shut while I felt for the latch, it was gone. All was clear to me now, this was what caused the runaway. Holding the throttle shut, I grasped a file in the tool box and thrust in one of the notches in the section back of the lever thus keeping it closed. I looked ahead again. O Horrors! the express was almost upon me although making every effort to stop. There was nothing I could do but pull the sand lever and wait. Turning away I saw Jack had slowed down back on the curve. I dared not look ahead again. Holding my breath I waited. There was a deafening crash, I was hurled forward against the boiler, I felt a sharp pain in my forehead, and then all was a blank.

The next thing I remember, a young woman was kneeling beside me bandaging my forehead. She was very beautiful it seemed to me as I lay there the lights revealing her black eyes and wealth of dark hair. "He'll come round all right Nellie" I heard Jack say as he stooped beside me and lifted me up.

"How is the express?" I asked him and my voice sounded a long way off.

"The express is all right, pilot smashed that's all and, you're a Hero" he continued as he carried me into the baggage car and laid me on pillows and cushions from the next car. Jack's sister Nellie, for in truth it was she, followed and made me comfortable among

the cushions. As neither of the engines were seriously damaged we soon started on the trip back to Colton where Jack resumed his run with the head brakeman firing for him. My forehead was aching terribly all the way to Wind River where the company's surgeon dressed the wound.

The next two weeks I was obliged to remain in bed; I hardly remember much of them, except that Nellie was in the room quite often. The doctor thought I would have brain fever but I pulled through all right, due they told me to Nellie's good care.

When I was well enough Jack told me about the runaway. It seemed Daniels had run his engine out to the turn table, and finding the throttle latch spring loose had stopped hooked the reverse lever up as he thought on the centre and gone off to report it to Phelps. In reality he hooked up one notch forward of the center and the throttle jarred by the air pump had opened wider and wider under the pressure thus letting her out of the yard. The fireman saw her first but thought Daniels was running her out. When Daniels came back she was just going out on the main line. He rushed to the telegraph office, but the operator was gone to lunch and by the time they had found him and got the message sent it was too late to ditch her at Colton. During the six weeks before I went back to work I came to know Nellie quite well, and rather enjoyed the enforced idleness. When I did go back to work I found a \$500 check and promotion to fireman on the night express, waiting for me at the division super's office.

My host stopped rather abruptly and sat gazing into the open fire. "But what became of Nellie," I asked him.

"You sat next to her at supper," he answered with a quiet laugh.

"Deacon."

During the past year the High School has been favored with the attendance of an unusually large number of post-graduates. The Misses Buffington, Chase and Galligan, '05; Misses Crossman, and Sears '04; and Messrs. Burt and Dickerman '05 comprise the distinguished seven.

A Bird's Eye View from Our Airship.

In nineteen hundred and "sixty-nine,"
As around the world we flew
We saw a *few* of our classmates
From our airship's far off view.

In the Senate chamber we could see
Our President Stanley Hall,
While close beside him making a speech
Was our old friend Merle H. Paull.

We saw Miss Leonard staid and prim
All robed in cap and gown,
As dean of a co-ed college
That we all could guess was Brown.

A sober nun was Miss Magee
Of boys she thought no more,
Miss Regan as a milliner
Had latest designs in store.

As we looked down on gay Parie
We saw Prof. Waitt
Teaching French in a private school,
While sadly bewailing his fate.

Miss Laura Wheeler and Miss Smith
Had married and gone their way
While Smith and Earle were doing well
In managing a play.

As o'er a battlefield we passed
In lands so far away
We saw brave General Potter
Retreating from the fray

Ashley as an orator
Was known in every land
While Hathaway the great musician,
Was leader of the "Band."

Miss Cushman and Miss Salthouse
Were leading the simple life;
And Alexander J. McCarte
Was looking for a wife.

We saw H. Swig in the Mayor's chair
Wearing the same old smile
While Grant as a first class organist
Did the weary hours beguile.

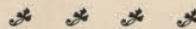
Miss Cordner, Gough, and Hennesey
Were teachers in a school
Where scholars studied hard all day.
To learn the "Golden rule."

We saw in darkest Africa
Amids't the savage fierce,
A missionary and his wife
Whose names we know were Pierce.

Phillips and F. Gardiner
Had won their L. L. D.,
While Hutchins as a painter
Was known from sea to sea.

Just then our "gasolene" gave out
And our airship, like a clown,
Turned fifteen hundred somersaults
And landed us in "Town."

M. E. C. E. W. C. R. '06.



THE POSTMAN.

(Concluded.)

into the house. The cabman followed more leisurely with a dress-suit case. I could hardly believe my eyes as I saw on the end of the suitcase, the initials, P. R. H. I rushed after the cabby and grabbed him by the shoulder. "Who's your passenger," I yelled at him and realizing that I must be humored, he answered soothingly, "Mr. Philip Hughes." I shook his hand, gave him the price of a drink, and went on happy as a lark. It's funny what an interest you get to

take in other people's affairs, isn't it? And do you know I've never lost interest in that young couple. I delivered some of their wedding invitations, and though they're not on my route now I still keep an eye on 'em, and when there is a letter in my pack addressed in Philip Hughes' writing, I take particular care that that letter goes where it ought to. It is funny what an interest you get to take in other people's affairs."

THE CURFEW BELL.

IN the history of the world, there have been many kinds of bells. Their real antiquity is unknown, for no record of the time when they were first made, can be found in history. They were used by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, the latter using them in order to summon the citizens to the public baths. The custom of ringing bells has passed into all countries. In 900, bells were used in all the churches of Europe. The purposes for which they were employed, were many and various as a Latin author says they were always:

"Funerals knelling, lightning quelling, Sundays telling,
Sluggards waking, tempests breaking, Peace making."

One of the most interesting of bells is the curfew. The custom of ringing the curfew is supposed by some to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror, but this has been denied by later authorities, further proof against this is found in the fact, that the curfew was rung in King Alfred's time as a warning for tired workers to retire to rest and Thomson evidently refers to it in —,

"The shiv'ring wretches at the curfew sound,
Dejected sank into their sordid beds,
And through the gloom of ancient times,
Mused sad, or dreamt of better"

At any rate, William the Conqueror enforced strict obedience to his law concerning the curfew, so rigorous and severe was he in fact, that he has been called cruel and tyrannical in this respect.

The chief purpose of the curfew was to serve as a precaution against fires. At the ringing of the curfew at a fixed hour in the evening at eight or nine and even ten was not an unusual hour in Scotland, the people were obliged to put out their lights and extinguish their fires by covering them up, hence the French word *couvre-feu*,

curfew. On the other hand, it was thought by some that the purpose of William the Conqueror in commanding such rigid obedience to the curfew was more especially designed to prevent the English from assembling in secret and planning schemes of rebellion against him. For, at the tolling of the curfew, all clubs and pleasure resorts were abandoned and whatever stragglers there happened to be about, hurriedly wended their way home through the dark, deserted streets.

Furthermore the curfew also played an important part in the literature of England, the name being symbolic of night-fall as we find in the opening lines of Gray's Elegy.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Again, does not the mention of the curfew call to one's mind the story of Bessie and her lover? How the girl, half frantic at the thought of her lover, condemned to die at the curfew-time rushes to the aged sexton and in a husky whisper says: "The curfew shall not ring to-night." Then, how Cromwell affected by the bravery of the noble girl, later repeats the words, "The curfew shall not ring to-night," and decrees that Basil Underwood shall live.

The curfew finally appeared in the New World, for this old English custom was continued by the Puritan fathers in New England and today in many parts of the United States, the practice still prevails. There is no Bostonian of middle age, who does not recollect the ringing of the curfew at nine o'clock in the evening, as a signal for the weary laborers to seek their beds and shopmen to close their shops.

In Charlestown, South Carolina, the bell is tolled twice every evening, at eight and ten in summer, and seven and nine in winter. At the ringing of the second bell, the watch is set for the night and all servants are prohibited from being abroad after that hour without permission from their masters. It is also a sign for the younger members of the family to retire for the night,

which is very distasteful to them, when they desire to stay up a little longer. The first bell serves no special purpose and is rung merely in conformity to ancient custom. This is the remarkable instance of the persistence of an old custom, long after the real significance or value is lost.

Indeed, would it not be well if the revival of the curfew, accompanied by some of the former strict laws, would occur in all our large cities and

even in our own city of Taunton? Would it not be a benefit to the children in the long run even though it would seem distasteful to them now? The streets would then be free of youngsters at unseasonable hours, when they should be safe at home. More would then grow up moral and healthy-minded citizens, because as children they were not exposed to the temptations and allurements, which night-darkened streets may offer.
M. E. D. '06.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Arthur C. Woodward '02 will graduate this June, after completing a four years course at the University of Vermont.

Karl Rollins '05 will enter Brown University in the fall.

Miss Claire Sampson, Miss Myrtle Coops, and Miss Bessie Macomber '02 will graduate from Wellesley this June.

The management again offers its hearty thanks to all those who have helped to make this book possible.

Arthur King and Fred Cushing '02 have completed their respective courses at Brown University, and will graduate this June.

Miss Alice Perkins '05 has recently accepted a position as stenographer with the Williams Stove Lining Company.

The Misses Daley, Fitzgerald, and McHugh, '05 are taking courses at the Bristol County Business College.

Miss Myra Frisbee '04 will spend the summer in Missouri.

Carleton Reade '05 has completed his freshman year at 'Tech.' and has attained a high standard both as a student and a cadet.

Harold Beers, T. H. S. '03 has been requested to return to M. I. T. in the capacity of an instructor.

Miss Bertha Paine '05 has joined the force of music teachers in the city.

George Crane, T. H. S. '03 M. I. T. '07 has accepted a position in Sterling, Mass,

STIRRING INCIDENTS AT A FIRE.



THE sun sank that evening behind a bank of coppery clouds, that bespoke a tempest sometime during the night. Those who remarked it heaved a sigh of relief for it meant a possible change from the past week's sultry heat. But the storm was slow in coming up and it was full eleven o'clock, before the rumbling of distant thunder could be heard. Half an hour passed. The stillness was profound; not a breath stirred the trees; the birds were silent and the frogs in Gardiner's swamp ceased peeping.

Suddenly the night was torn in twain by a blinding flash, followed instantly by a crash and bang that shook the houses, and brought everyone out of bed. The rain commenced falling in huge drops, few at first, but soon in a veritable deluge.

The stentorian voice of Grant, the night cop, could be heard yelling "Fire!" at the top of his lungs. People rushed to the windows; front doors slammed and men in every stage of dressing ran into the street. Some one cried, "Potter's barn on Walnut street." Sure enough, the sky was a dull red glow to the northward. The meeting house bell commenced ringing and soon up the street came the old hand-engine "Tryol," Captain Briggs on head waving his trumpet and yelling like a scared parrot. Briggs was a "man about town" and was drum major of the Milo Cornet Band in addition to his office in the department. Up Cedar street came McCarte, the lieutenant of the engine. He was an old man and in his excitement had forgotten to remove his nightcap. He always lost his head at a fire and gave all sorts of orders.

Reaching the scene of the fire the company unlimbered and placed the suction-hose in a nearby cistern. Briggs mounted the machine and inspired the "townies" who manned the brakes as only he could with that voracious and sublime command of language peculiar to himself. McCarte flew around madly in his frantic effort to get from one place to another.

Old "Lanky" Potter, the owner of the barn, had seized his old sword and was also hanging on to an old stocking for dear life. We, of the "townies," who knew the story of that old stocking nearly doubled up with laughter. It was all that the venerable sage had to remind him of a certain night in the dim past when he had been the champion lady's man of the town. Cahoon, the captain of the Buzyhar Hook and Ladder Company, was running about with a twelve foot pike pulling off a shingle here, a door-jamb there and adding generally to the confusion. He was ably seconded by Willie Poole from the north end. Hathaway, the insignificant runt of a town constable, now tried to drive the crowd from the yard but a lot of toughs from the north end threw a lot of old fruit at him and drove him away down the road.

The fire now started towards the house, but willing neighbors assisted the old man in removing his household effects. He still clung to his old sock with the tenacity of a bull pup. Mrs. Potter came running out with a looking-glass and a fist full of clothes pins. Dropping these she began waving and swinging her arms as if at a hallelujah meeting. Once, when the shingles on the porch began to smoke, the men at the nozzle turned the line on the house, but in some

manner it got away from them and soaked good old Deacon Paull through and through. Hutchins, of the ladder company, made a hook at it with his spike, but in doing so jabbed a hole in it. 'Cap' Briggs gave him a call that hid things for a while. Hutchie dropped his pike and said he was going home. He said he wasn't any dog to be talked to like that and we didn't blame him. The ruined short of hose was removed and the fight continued. "Jerry" Horton, the lampoon artist of "*The Daily Shout*" was hustling around interviewing prominent citizens. Suddenly John D. Hall strode up to him and wanted to know "by Jove" what Jerry meant by putting that local in last night's paper. For it seems "Jerry" had accused John of playing free pool over in Bryants' Hotel. Jerry passed over a couple of cigars and the case was closed.

In the meantime the Jackson street Engine Company from Whittington had arrived, and placing their hose in the well had played on the barn from the rear. Lemaire, the janitor of the company, foolishly stepped in front of the stream

and was nearly drowned. He had to be rolled on a barrel to get the water out of him.

The flames now began to die down. People, in little groups, started for home. The last spark was finally extinguished, and the companies took up the hose and started for the "Tryols'" engine house. On the way down a gang of hoodlums who had followed the Jackson Streets painted their sign on all the fences and trees. It was a black diamond in which was orange T C in a monogram.

Arriving at the engine-house the machines were cleaned and put into order. Old Mr. Potter soon came down with a barrel of purple punch and some of his patent elastic indestructible rubber sponge cake which he claims to have made himself. We took him at his word. "Cap" accepted the donation with a proper little speech and we gave "Lanky" three rousing cheers. He took his hat off, placed it on the left of his chest and thanked us one and all for our brave work.

L. D. W. '06.

NOTES.

Baby and the Bacillus.

We can sterilize his bottles, we can boil his little mug;
We can bake his flannel bandages and disinfect the rug
That envelops him when he partakes of medicated air,
But there's one impossibility that leaves us in despair—
And a not unjustifiable alarm, you will allow—
To wit: we fear 'twould never do to sterilize the cow!

We are careful of his hours, we are thoughtful of his toys;
We are mindful of his sorrows, and judicious of his joys;
We are prayerfully considerate of needful discipline,
Of our little "Mother Handbook" and the precepts writ therein;
And we strive to render sterile all designed for mouth of tum,
But one frightful danger menaces—we can not boil his thumb.—*Harpers' Magazine.*

IN THE GLOW OF A STUDY LAMP.

(A true college incident.)

THE wind whistled lonesomely as it whipped the dry crackling branches of the campus elms and, sweeping around the corner of the dormitory swished through a large clump of pines and lost itself in the wooded glen where the leaf-choked brook glided silently. Only a few dry leaves whirled in its wake for late November winds love to bound unhindered and alone over the sleeping earth. The squirrels, busy with nut-hiding were puzzling their little brains because all day no inquisitive human eyes had pried into their affairs. How should they know that vacation had come and yonder great hall was all but deserted?

Only a few girls remained in the college dormitory, sincerely wishing their homes were not so far south or west and perhaps indulging in some unwholesome envying of their more fortunate classmates. To them the corridors had suddenly grown interminably long, lonesome and silent. Through the stillness came the sound of a maid, busy at the farther end of the hall. Loud and harsh was the boisterous squeaking and groaning of the elevator which protested against overwork as it brought down, again and again, a girl or two, who hurried out of the door and across the deserted campus to catch the next car for town and so escape the oppressive silence which had settled over Crane Hall.

"Oh, come, girls, let's do something or I shall certainly go frantic," said a tall, dark haired Senior as, after dinner, she joined a small group of girls who had stopped to chat just outside the dining-hall door.

"Let's go down to 'K' and dance," chimed in a jolly little Southern girl who, just then, opened the swinging doors, through which now sounded only a slight clink of dishes and a subdued murmur of voices, a mere echo of the three hundred girls who were wont to eat there.

So down to "K" the girls went and the Senior struck up the "Yale Two-Step." Lightly the leaders swing their partners, easily avoiding the four obtrusive and surely useless pillars in the small hall. There was in fact, too much

room. There was laughter, yes, especially when one usually severely dignified "Special" lifted her skirts slightly and danced in true darkey style a "reg'l'r breakdown." But the spirit of revelry that haunted that room, loved much company and had surely fled for the gayest waltz came limp and lifeless from the old much-suffering Chickering.

Suddenly two sharply struck chords ended the waltz.

"Come, everybody up to one fifty-one," urged the Senior, as she rose quickly, unable longer to play against her mood and realizing that her nervous playing was but increasing the restless lonesomeness which every one felt and tried to hide. To emphasize her invitation she led the way.

Vacation tends to erase clique lines and so it happened that the whole group of girls followed down the corridor and up the winding stairs to No. 151.

A sharp scratch of a match and a soft glow through the yellow silk shade of the student lamp lighted up the little study, typical and yet distinctly individual. There were two oak desks,—one most properly in order suggesting its absent owner—laden with tell-tale photographs and well guarded with a flag of crimson significance. There were book-shelves, heavy with their weight of learning, pictures notably Gibson sketches and a statuette of the Venus de Milo. A saucy cupid, playing a mandolin, looked down from a walnut bracket hung against the dull blue wall. The well be-pillowed divan, in the corner the old rose and gray draperies which hung in a large archway, screening an inner room, soon groaned under the weight of five girls. Easy chairs and floor pillows were quickly captured while the cosy window-seat behind dainty lace curtains held special attractions for two of the more romantic girls who settled comfortably back against the cushions and gazed dreamily out over the campus which, under the pale moon, was now a striking study in chiaroscuro.

The door of the study clicked to and shut out

completely the distressing emptiness of the long corridors and the many silent rooms of the dormitory. Fifteen girls in one small study left no room for even a thought of lonesomeness.

"I've been cramming 'Trig.' until I'm just ready to go off on a tangent," sighed Sue Horton, dubbed "Jolly Southern Sue" by her friends, as she dropped heavily into a Morris chair.

"I'm just in the mood for one of your stories, Sue," said Jeanne Randall as she rather viciously punched her pillow over in the corner on the divan. "And do let's have the light turned low."

"Indeed, Sue, you look like the wreck of a misspent afternoon. You'll know better when you're older," suggested the Senior passing a large plate of fudge, the result of her afternoon's work. You ought to pay penance for studying in vacation, so, miss, you must tell us a story."

"Do, Sue," came simultaneously from behind the windows curtain and from the skirt-carpeted floor for all knew Sue Horton could spin yarns by the yard.

Sue was above petty urging when once she felt sure one of her stories was really wanted. She leaned forward toward the centre table. The dim light touched the wavy brown hair above her fair face with its rather small sparkling brown eyes, well-cut nose and sensitive mouth. With a swift little glance over her hearers he began,

"Once upon a time" but got no further for the deep-breathed "Ohs" and "How startlingly original" which greeted this prosaic beginning.

"Oh, I was only applying the match," she explained tapping her head lightly, "now just watch genius burn. No, I'll tell you a story that is said to be true."

"Up in southern Virginia," (Sue was from South Carolina) "there was a large, stately, old colonial country house set well back from the road in the midst of graceful old catalpa trees, which, half-hiding the large portico with its heavy white columns made a picture that would have delighted you, May" she added nodding toward her hostess. "Well, here an old Virginian family, noted for miles around for generous hospitality, entertained, some thirty years ago, a house-party of young folk."

"Jolly! what fun! There's nothing like a house-party," interrupted Jeanne.

"I reckon there isn't," rejoined the storyteller. "Well," she resumed, Sue always had a way of punctuating her stories with that convenient, time-gaining little word. "Toward evening, unexpected guests arrived. The house was already full and as for turning any one away that was not to be thought of, so the daughter of the house insisted that she be allowed to give up her room. In spite of her mother's protests, later in the evening, she ran off down the long, winding roadway to the little lodge at the entrance to the broad, open highway. Slipping the bolt, she went into the spare room that was always kept in readiness. A gate keeper had until recently lived in the cottage for the family loved the old English custom of guarding well the gate.

For some reason, I never knew why, the girl was allowed to be all alone that night. She had assured her mother that she would not be afraid and evidently was not for she slept soundly until early morning when she suddenly awoke with a start. The silent loneliness chilled her. A terror crept stealthily over her. Her very heart listened. Then came a shuffling, scuffling sound and the "chank, chank" of metal on the floor of the next room. Quick as a flash, she slipped out of bed, threw about her shoulders a blanket, and slid into her slippers. Hardly had she done this when the door opened. A wild-eyed man, with hair dishevelled, coat off and and chains dragging heavily at his feet, stood for one moment and looked at her. With an angry cry, he started toward her. Round and round that little room they dodged. The man's strength seemed gaining while the girl's was fast ebbing when, with a fierce tug at the bolt, she flung open the door and fled with deer-like swiftness down the road. On and on she ran with unwonted strength. One swift backward glance told her that the fiend was not pursuing her, yet she only ran the faster. Exhausted she reached the house where already the servants were astir."

"Later in the morning, prison officers in search of an escaped insane criminal found a broken window and torn convict's coat at the lodge."

(Continued on page 40.)

THE CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.

ON Friday Evening June 1, 1906, in Odd Fellows Hall, occurred the Senior Class Entertainment, which was one of the best and most instructive, ever given by a graduating class. The hall was prettily and artistically decorated with red and white streamers overhead, while many and varied banners representing the different colleges were well arranged upon the walls. The stage was very appropriately set with a few pieces of antique furniture simply arranged before a background representing a cool forest grove bordered with tall birch trees. In the middle of the stage, to the front, hung a beautiful orange and black banner upon which were the letters, T. H. S.

Promptly at eight o'clock, Miss Marion Nichols introduced the reader of the evening, Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick of the Emerson School of Oratory. During the first half hour the audience was delightfully entertained by the rendering of a few short selections from Scott's, "Lady of the Lake", Shelly's "Ode to a Skylark", Tennyson's "The Princess" and "The Bugle Song," all of which were received with enthusiastic applause.

Then Mrs. Southwick proceeded to the main part of the entertainment, the portrayal of

the principal and most dramatic scenes in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth". For those who had read or seen the play, the familiar scenes were vividly reproduced. While those who had never read it, could not have obtained a better idea of the play, than that which was afforded by Mrs. Southwick's excellent rendition.

She closed her program with the Swiss Good night," by Griffith, after which she received a hearty applause.

Immediately the floor was cleared, and dancing was in order until 12 P. M. The music by Hearn's Orchestra was very satisfactory, and the twelve dances on the order were enjoyed by all. During the dancing, punch was served, and at intermission ice cream and cake were on sale.

The entertainment committee, the Misses Josephine Logan, and Maye Crawshaw, Messrs. Leland Wood, James Briggs, and Erford Potter, were extremely fortunate in securing a reader who is so well known and highly esteemed among Taunton people.

The affair will remain in the memory of those present for some time; and certainly the committee deserve to be complimented on the decided success of their plans.



NOTES.

AS THEY SING IT IN BOSTON.

Every one labors except our distinguished progenitor,
 He reposes in a recumbent position within our residence throughout the day;
 His pedal extremities idling upon the bronze of a steam radiator,
 Serenely engaged in extracting nebulous atmosphere from a tobacco receptacle of mundane matter.
 Our maternal mentor receives soiled linen for the purpose of cleansing it,
 And in this connection I should also include the filial Anne;
 Indeed everybody is engaged in a variety of occupations in our domestic habitat,
 Excluding, as primarily suggested, our distinguished progenitor.

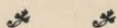
Springfield Republican.

Miss M-g-e—(In French)—“Why *I* am a stupid beast.”

“If your heart is on the *right* side, *I* can cure you.”

J. E. L-g-n, Heart Specialist.

“Where there’s life there’s “Hope” (Always—If you don’t believe it, ask “Bobby” ’07.)



In The Glow Of The Study Lamp.

(Concluded).

There was a prolonged pause when Sue finished.

“Hardly seems probable,” said the Senior, “People in the south don’t allow daughters—

“Girls,” interrupted Edna Warton, who hailed from Richmond. “I’ve heard that very story. It *is* true. That girl was my Aunt Sarah. Her hair has been snow white since that night.”

There was a heavy dead silence in the room.

Jeanne Randall moved uneasily in her corner and whispered huskily, “Oh, do turn up the light!”

Somewhat Mixed.—A young man who was about to be married was very nervous, and, while asking for information as to how he must act, put the question:

“Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?”—*Brooklyn Life.*

An Improvement Promised.—“Look here!” exclaimed the old lady. “I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly.”

“Well, madam,” replied the dealer, “it’s a very young bird; it’ll learn to swear better when it’s a bit older.”—*Tit-Bits.*

Subtraction.—A teacher in a Western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. “Now in order to subtract,” she explained, “things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance we couldn’t take three apples from four pears nor six horses from nine dogs.”

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

“Teacher,” shouted a small boy, “‘can’t you take four quarts of milk from three cows?’”—*Harper’s Weekly.*

Her System.—PATIENT TO PRETTY NURSE.—“Will you be my wife when I recover?”

PRETTY NURSE.—“Certainly.”

PATIENT.—“Then you love me?”

PRETTY NURSE.—“Oh, no; that’s merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; I promised this morning to run away with a married man who had lost both his legs.”—*Houston Post.*

Tactics.—DRILL-SERGEANT (to raw recruit, who is slow in grasping the tactical details): “Now, Murphy, how would you use your sword if your opponent fainted?”

MURPHY: “Begorra, I’d just tickle him with the p’nt of it to see if he was afther fakin’.”—*Harper’s Weekly.*

CLASS ODE.

By MISS ETHEL CRONIN.

Our lessons and tasks are all ended;
Our school days in Taunton are o'er,
And now they are gone we are dreaming
Of the work that our lives have in store.
There's joy in our hearts, still there's sadness,
As we think of the parting so near,
When teachers and classmates must sever
The ties that we all hold so dear.

We'll strive ever onward and upward,
Where duty shall point us the way,
Aiming always for that which is noblest
As we work out life's problem each day.
Though dangers may lurk in our pathway,
And our sky oft with clouds be o'ercast,
Yet with courage, still let us press forward
To glorious vict'ry at last.

Music by Josephine E. Logan.

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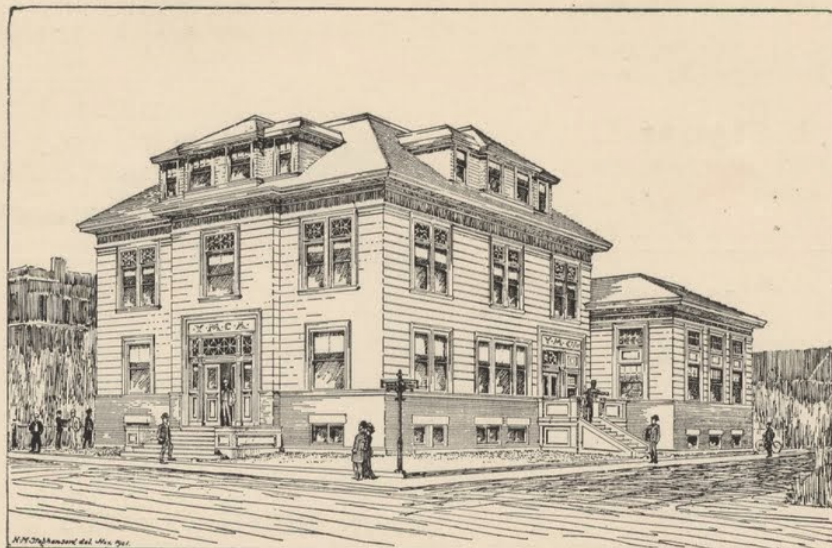
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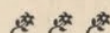
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